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NO. 103

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Rev. J. M. Walton preached here last Sunday.
—There will be an auction at the brick hotel next Monday.
—Mrs. Wm. M. Weber will entertain the Ladies Aid Society Friday evening.
—There will be an oratorical contest at the institute in the near future. Handsome medals will be awarded.
—Mr. Hugh Miller is improving his hotel property. Mr. Miller is the right man in the right place. His efforts have been crowned with success.
—Mr. and Mrs. Willie Adams will begin the construction of a handsome two-story residence on Adams Avenue next month. They are receiving bids for it now.
—Misses Ellen Butner and Ann Stewart were the guests of Mrs. Wm. Henderson at her delightful country home where hospitality and good cheer meet the welcome guest.
—The exercises of the Senate last Monday night were considered highly amusing. Resolutions over the death of a member affording a broad field for oratory, but when the departed member appeared on the streets next day it did not seem so funny.
—The entertainment given by Prof. Walton's pupils last Saturday evening was both interesting and instructive. The students acquitted themselves in such a creditable manner that it would be impossible to choose a favorite from the handsome galaxy.
—The Mt. Vernon Eagle mentions the probability of the candidacy of Mr. C. C. Williams for Congressional honors. The district will bestow honor upon a worthy recipient if it chooses to select Mr. Williams as the successor of our gifted representative, Hon. James B. McCreary, who has declined to enter the race again.
—The string band composed of Messrs. Samsbrook, of Livingston, furnished the music for the exercises in celebration of Washington's birthday, and it was a musical treat, long to be remembered. The air, America, elicited warm applause which strange to say was started by one in the audience, who recognized in it the once familiar air "God save the Queen."
—Mr. George Fish and family attended the entertainment Saturday evening. Misses Berda Martin and Carrie Lutz were the guests of Mrs. George Fish last week. Mrs. J. M. Walton, of Livingston, was the guest of the Joylin House last week. Mr. Mace Miller is at home on a visit. Messrs. C. C. Davis and Wm. Childers were the gallant nethers at the college. Dr. Green is visiting his family here. Mr. Cox, bridge inspector of the L. & N., was the guest of his daughter, Miss May, last week. Miss Martha Griffin, of Wildie, was in town this week the guest of Mrs. Willie Griffin. Miss Eva Martin visited Miss Bessie Miller recently.

OF A LOCAL NATURE.

—An infant son of Henry Toubie, of McKinney, died Tuesday.
—Al Douglas, an extensive brick contractor at Richmond, is dead.
—Judge O. S. Poston, a well-known Harrodsburg lawyer, is dead, aged 80.
—The Somerset Hornet says that Rex Reid never opened his mouth in his life without telling some miraculous lie.
—E. A. Bess, of Kansas City, was selected as the representative of Centre College in the intercollegiate contest.
—J. T. Freeman, of Williamsburg, has been appointed bank and corporation clerk in the office of the secretary of State.
—Armstrong Stroud was appointed postmaster at Norwood, Pulaski county, and P. W. Perkins at Red Ash, Whitley county.
—William Day, the youth who carried the mail between Tipton and Lilly, was convicted of taking the contents of registered letters. He only got \$500.
—W. H. Dohm, a saloon keeper at Middleborough, assaulted the Rev. C. E. Boswell, a Methodist minister, as a result of the fight against the saloons.
—While playing the role of peacemaker, Lewis Farley, a Harrodsburg negro, had his head split open with a hatchet by a woman who thought Farley was taking sides against her husband.
—Claude Newland, the seven-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. David Newland, of the Cedar Creek section, died yesterday morning. He had been sick for several months with a complication of troubles. At 10 o'clock today Eld. A. C. Newland, grandfather of the deceased, will preach the funeral, after which the little body will be laid to rest in the family burying ground.
—The Monticello jail is doubly guarded to prevent a further attempt at lynching four prisoners confined there. A mob is after James and Orlina Winchester and Jonathan and John Troxell, all accused of robbing and burning D'Enery's store, near Parmleyville, last September. Four Troxells and two Winchester were arrested for the crime, and two of the Troxells were sent to the penitentiary for two years. The others are believed to be equally guilty, but the regulators, fearing that they can not be convicted, have determined to hang them.

LANCASTER, CARRARD COUNTY.

—The Methodist ladies realized \$16 on their court day dinner.
—Miss Dove B. Harris is to begin another term of school at Buena Vista, next Monday.
—Miss Althea Marksbury entertained a few friends Tuesday evening in her most inviting style.
—Saturday next the subject of Elder George Gowen's discourse will be "The Good Shepherd."
—The Aid Society of Christian church will meet Saturday afternoon with Mrs. H. C. Jennings.
—Tom Pollard, a negro, was arrested Wednesday evening by the city marshal on the charge of larceny.
—Miss Ada Adams entertained Miss Pearl Burnside, of Stanford, Tuesday evening at her hospitable home.
—Miss Mand, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robinson, entertained a few of her most intimate friends Tuesday evening.
—H. W. Longfellow's birth day was celebrated by the pupils of the Kindergarten class of the graded school with appropriate exercises.
—It is the rumor now that one of the merry bachelors of Lancaster contemplates writing up the bachelor-mails and their special characteristics.
—J. H. Doty sold 16 cattle at \$22.50. W. A. Anderson sold 16 heifers at \$10. T. B. Walker sold a nice pair of good mules at a fair price. J. T. Conn sold a yoke of cattle for \$50.
—Miss Lizzie Thompson was "at home" to some of her young friends and admirers Monday evening. "Parcheesi," now a very popular game here, was part of the evening's enjoyment.
—James Rogers, who lives in the upper end of Carrard, is reported to have shot and seriously wounded a negro named Tom Hutchinson. The nature of the delinquency was not ascertained, but it is thought the negro will die.
—Mr. Charles Allen Thomas, a young minister of the Bible College at Lexington, who has already won fame and a name in a number of oratorical contests, has been engaged by the ladies of the Aid Society of the Christian church to deliver one of his fine lectures here in Spring. His theme will be "The Isles of the Sea."
—Messrs. Will Ward and John M. Logan, two of Lancaster's enterprising citizens, will soon erect new dwellings for occupancy. Mr. Ward contemplates building as many as three houses and Mr. Logan two, all on Lexington street. This is now a very inviting street and when more residences are added it will then be more desirable.
—Miss Myrtle Wilda is the guest of her uncle in Jellico, Tenn. Miss Mollie Douglas has returned from a protracted visit to friends in Versailles. Miss Patsy Bosley is visiting her brother in Danville. Lewis L. Walker was in Frankfort last week attending court. C. M. Richardson, of Somerset, is the guest of J. G. Sawney and family. Mrs. Mortimer Scott, of Nicholasville, and Mrs. Charles Bolling, of Lower Garrard, were visitors of Miss Sallie D. Tillet. Mrs. John Greenleaf, of Richmond, is the guest of Mrs. Emma Kaufman and family. George D. Lusk is sojourning in Harrodsburg. Mr. Pleasants, of Lincoln, is the guest of Miss Jennie Arnold. Miss Fannie Underwood, a most worthy young lady and a graduate of Prof. J. C. Gordon's school, is teaching at Bright's school house. Miss Lena Bryant and nephew have taken rooms with Miss Jennie Arnold. Miss Jennie Burnside is on the sick list.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—B. D. Tracy and Miss Florence E. Smith, both of this vicinity were married Tuesday.
—Edmond Lucas and Hettie J. Luper, sweet 16, both of the McKinney section, were married at George S. Luper's yesterday.
—S. A. Cummins, an engineer, and Miss Annie P. Dohlgens, of Kingsville, were married at the bride's home near Kingsville, Wednesday.
—Frank Davidson was granted a Lexington divorce from his wife, who was the heroine of a scandal in high life, she having eloped with Dr. Edgar.
—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McCullough, who live near Maysville, have lived together as man and wife for 63 years. They are yet active and bid fair to reach 90 or more. He is 81, his wife four months older.
—Here is a society note taken from the Donnanburg correspondent of the Greenburg Record: "It is rumored that Tom Price and Mrs. Bettie Shuffett will soon get married if their children are willing and the weather stays cool."
—The wedding of Mr. Sam Cummins to Miss Pearl Dobbins came off at Pleasant Point church Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock in the presence of a large crowd. The attendants were Mr. Raymond Snow and Miss Mattie Cummins. Rev. W. R. Davidson officiated. J. O. Terry.

—A writer in the Atlantic is booming Secretary Morton, of the agricultural department, for a presidential candidate.

MIDDLEBURG, CASEY COUNTY.

—Miss Jennie Williams is teaching a private school of about 30 pupils at Yosemite.
—Rev. W. B. Godby preached some half dozen discourses at the Methodist church last week.
—Rev. F. Grider came over from Frankfort last week to attend Rev. W. B. Godby's meeting at the Methodist church.
—Mr. Edward Bastin is attaching a saw to his grist mill on Knob Lick and will soon be able to furnish his neighbors with lumber as well as the best quality meal.
—Miss Laura Murphy, daughter of Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Kingsville, who lately visited her aunt, Mrs. T. S. Benson, near here, is about the most demure creature as one often meets. She is 16 years of age and weighs but 56 pounds. Her health has improved greatly with her growth.
—Mr. William Thomas and Miss Mattie C. Durham drove to Liberty Monday and were married by Rev. J. Q. Montgomery. Mr. Milord Deik and Miss Celeste Jones, daughter of Mac D. Jones, of the Indian Creek section, will be married to-morrow, Thursday.
—We have at last been able to see a copy of the Liberty Tribune. It is the third new paper venture in the county and decidedly the best of the three. The people should see that it gets the support it seems to merit. A good paper does more to build up a town or county than any other enterprise.
—It is pleasing indeed to see how the democrats at Frankfort have been able to hold their own with the republicans. Fighting the devil with his own weapon is about the only way to successfully cope with him and we are glad to see that democrats have at last caught on. If the republicans had been allowed to name one democrat, the heads of a half dozen or more would have fallen into the basket before the work of decapitation would have ended. Stuck to 'em boys! and if the presence of Jack Chum is not sufficient to hold them down, just send over and we can, at a moment's notice, furnish a half dozen just as "bad" as Jack.
—Mrs. Annie Russell, wife of J. G. Russell, died at her home two miles above town Tuesday morning, aged 73 years. She had been sick about two weeks, but was thought to be better as she was able to sit up some. She got up at 5 o'clock on the morning of her death and called for her clothing and her son, Mr. Calvin Russell, was assisting her in dressing. Then she complained of a shortness of breath and asked to be placed in the bed. This request was complied with when she died immediately. Mrs. Russell was a member of the Christian church and one of the best women we ever knew. Owing to her kind and motherly disposition, she was called "Granny" by almost everybody in the community. She leaves a husband and six children almost heart-broken over the loss they have sustained.
—There seems to be quite a religious atmosphere in the Kingsville vicinity. While out there recently we were told that hardly a day passed that there was not a meeting of some kind. The brethren of the Christian church and those of the Baptist church at Pleasant Point had combined their forces for a more effective battle against the evil one and the chances were rather against the prosperity of the blind tigers, that are thought to be running in and about town. We learned while out there that some dozen or more young men of Waynesburg were indicted at the last term of the Casey circuit court for disturbing religious worship at Walltown, this county. The disturbance took place just before Christmas, when Rev. Jacob Fagley was holding a holiness meeting. They will likely fare pretty badly judging from the fate of those who have unfortunately fallen into the hands of Judge Jones and Commonwealth's Attorney Minnie.

HEMLOCK.—Mr. Ed Miner is ready to do grinding and crushing any Friday now. T. C. Rankin returned from Wayne with about 30 young cattle weighing 900 lbs., which cost 25c. Mrs. Jennie Bright is in from Middleboro visiting relatives and friends. We are sorry to learn that Miss Lon D. Bright is suffering from disability of the eyes and hope she may recover soon. Mr. Bowen Newell, of Pulaski, was in this neighborhood looking for a good jack. Eubanks Bros. have a small crop of hemp that will make from 1,800 to 2,000 lbs. per acre. This ought to put Lincoln county farmers to cultivating some hemp each year.

—At Atlanta a play, "The Old Village School," was presented at the Grand Opera house, and at each performance the audience was asked to join in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The innovation proved a great success.

—Col. Richard O. Morgan, of Lexington, will present to the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., the saddle used by Gen. John H. Morgan in the late war. Other valuable Confederate relics will be sent from Lexington.

—Georgetown is at work on its electric street railway.

HUSTONVILLE.

—Nearly everyone having an ice house filled it last week during the cold snap. The ice, from 2 1/2 to 4 inches thick, was the clearest and nicest put up here for many years.
—Bully Hull ran went out to the mother's place Sunday morning and found a yearling colt dead, with no reason assignable for its demise. Florence Yowell lost a yearling under circumstances as inexplicable during the cold weather of last week.
—One day last week Miss Julia Stagg drove from Liberty to this place and came very near freezing her hands. When she arrived here they were entirely devoid of feeling and had to be thawed out in cold water.
—Waller Greening rented 40 acres of the old Patton place to put in tobacco. It was timbered and in order to have it cleared up he offered everybody all the wood they would haul off. Many have taken advantage of this offer to lay in a supply.
—Sam Logan was confined to his bed several days with a throat trouble, but is now out again. Mrs. Mary Green was quite sick last week, but is now improving. Mrs. W. L. Williams is now pronounced out of danger and it is hoped will rapidly convalesce.
—Cashier Hocker, not content with the painting and papering of the walls and ceiling of the bank, has had the floor painted and those who approach him for a "little favor for 30 days" had better scrape the mud off their boots on the steps, to keep on the good side of him.
—Doc Smith and Will Huston have rented the farm of Dr. J. B. Owsley near Stanford. They will raise tobacco and hemp. Will Huston has rented a body of land from Florence Yowell for the purpose of raising both tobacco and hemp. An increased acreage of tobacco will be planted here next season as almost every one that raised the weed this year obtained a satisfactory price for his crop.
—Wm. Wright met with a painful accident a few days since while standing on the platform in front of Isaac Steele's ice house, which he was having filled. An empty wagon drew out from in front of the platform, catching the end of the brake-pole under the edge of the planks and when opposite Mr. Wright, the pole was released suddenly and flew up, striking him a sharp blow across the left eye, depriving him of the use of it for several days.
—Rev. Martin Luther, of Chicago, arrived Tuesday and began the series of meetings announced in this column by preaching Tuesday night to a large and appreciative audience at the Presbyterian church. The order of services will be as follows: In the morning services at 10 o'clock; at night, prayer meeting and song service beginning at 7 o'clock promptly and lasting 25 minutes and immediately afterwards the regular preaching service. Everything points to a profitable and enjoyable meeting.
—In the death of Mrs. Patsy Ann Green, the Presbyterian church here has lost one of its oldest and most highly esteemed members. She had a strange premonition concerning her brother, Mr. Hugh Logan, who died recently. When he left for the South she told him she would never see him again and although he spoke lightly of the impression, still it was very vivid to her and she contended that they would never meet again on earth. Subsequent events proved that she was correct. By her death only one of the originally large family of children remains.—Dr. Logan, of Moreland.

—Gentle Carpenter corrects our statement of last week with reference to his attending the business college at Lexington and says that he is not going. Mrs. Mary Tom Cook, of Jellico, and little son, Mason, are at her mother's, Mrs. Arch McKinney. Mr. Cook is expected this week. Several of our people attended the holiness meeting at Somerset last week conducted by Rev. Henry Morrison. Mrs. Collins arrived Friday from Louisville, where she spent the winter. She was accompanied by little John Steele, son of Isaac Steele, who has been attending a kindergarten school in that city. A little son of Marshal Devers is very sick with a rising in his head. Mrs. Kauffman is recovering nicely from the effects of her fall recently in which her collar bone was broken.

—What mute sermon on heroism is preached in the finding of the bodies of those two old men in Baltimore, clasping baby forms, which each had attempted to rescue from stifling death by smoke and fire. There are heroes in the prosaic life of every day whose deeds are unparalleled on battlefields.

—The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from 12 to 202 in number. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has 12, the Tartarian, 202.

ONE OF THE BEST.—The Interior Journal having reached its 21st year the Kentucky press busies itself with saying that the old sinner who edits it gets out one of the very best papers in Kentucky. But what's the good of telling everybody what everybody knows?—Covington Commonwealth.

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At the Lowest Prices. Furnishing Goods, Hats and Neckwear, unparalleled lines and styles. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

The Globe,

J. L. FROHMAN & CO., Danville, Ky.

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Trusses, Spectacles and Prescriptions—our Three Specialties. Craig & Hocker, Cash Druggists.

Ladies, now is the time to plant Flower Seeds. Craig & Hocker have them.

Craig & Hocker, Cash Druggists, will order Flowers and Bulbs for you.

Our trusses are the best. Spectacles guaranteed to fit. Prescription goods and work endorsed by all doctors. Craig & Hocker, Cash Druggists.

JAMES FRYE,

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Is offering great bargains in all kinds of goods. His Spring Stock is now complete and right up to date in style, quality and prices. They are all bought from first hands and as cheap as cash can buy them. Clothing in the various styles and quality for Men, Boys and Children, Woolen Dress Goods, Silks, Satins and Velvets, White Goods and a complete and elegant line of Embroideries and Laces, in fact every thing in Dry Goods to be found in a first class store. In Gents' Furnishing Goods a more elegant and cheaper line can not be found. SHOES.—You must see them to appreciate them. Leather has declined and Shoes are much cheaper. I will save you 50c to \$1 a pair. CARPETS.—I bought my Carpets before the advance and will sell them very cheap. GROCERIES.—Green Coffee 20c, Arbuckles 20c, Sugar—get my price before you buy, Rice 5c lb., 3 cans best Tomatoes or Corn 25c. A 3-lb can of Preserved Peaches for 10c.

S. D. YOWELL, Salesman.

W. B. McROBERTS,

Will sell you at the lowest Cash price. Give us a call.

Drugs, Books, Stationery,

Seasonable goods in the Paint Line.

Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper and Brushes

Prescriptions accurately filled from only the Purest Drugs.

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THE MERCHANT TAILOR

Is Receiving his

SPRING AND SUMMER

Goods; all Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give him a Call.

The Charles Wheeler Emporium.

We still exist. A new and elegant line of Ladies Shoes, including

The 20th Century Boot

.....Tailor made.....

Men's, Boys' and Children's Shoes at right figures.

Great Drives in Clothing.

Fifty per cent. Reduction in Millinery.

25 per cent. reduction in ladies' Capes and Cloaks; also in all Comforts and Blankets.

A new lot of Elegant Calicoes and Gingham, all at 5 cents. Alarion and Arbuckles Coffee at 20. Call and see us and you will save. Respectfully, CHAS. WHEELER.

SIX PAGES.

OUR good brother Walton, of Stanford, seems to be aping Dick Knott not only as a gold bug bolter, but as an advocate of the utmost liberty to railroads in overriding the rights of the people.—Owensboro Messenger. Nay, nay, dear Urey, you do us a grievous wrong. Even you can't call it bolting to oppose the election of a bolter, who not only refused to abide the decisions of the constituted authorities, opposed regular democratic nominees who were not for him and abused and vilified men, high in authority, the fatchets of whose shoes he is unworthy to unloose, but hurled defiance at everybody and everything who failed to accept him and his dogma. We are for sound money, such as we have now, gold, silver and paper, and will continue to have, as long as there is but one standard of value to back the other two mediums. Fifty cents worth of silver can not be made to pass for a dollar, unless there is something to back it or an international agreement to that end. You can call us a gold bug if you choose, but you'll get hurt if you ever intimate that even the slightest taint of your free silver lunacy has struck us. As for your other charge, that is hardly worth considering. Railroads are not the enemies of the people, as certain demagogues would have them believe. They are operated by individuals for money and should receive the same consideration that other legitimate enterprises do, such as managing their property to suit themselves, subject to reasonable restrictions. It is because we object to that useless and costly board, the railroad commission, having more authority given it, that Brer. Woodson takes exceptions. We do not think that because a man is in the railroad business he is necessarily a rascal, nor do we think because one gets on the commission who doesn't know a hammer from a handspike or a tie from a T rail as has been and still is the case, that the fact of his advancement makes him competent to fix rates, pass on tariffs and run railroads independent of those whom the owners have employed for that purpose. There is too much blathering about railroads. Politicians have played on the prejudices of the people till they have come to believe that they are worse than the roaring lion, which goeth about seeking whom he may devour. It is just from this mistaken idea that these corporations can hardly get justice from the average jury, and our friend Woodson is one of the fellows who is responsible for such a state of affairs. Study up on the money question, young man, leave the railroads alone for a season and devote your attention to Bro. Hale. He is enough for you to attend to.

Gov. BUCKNER, the grand old man in war and the grander in peace, announces his intention, as soon as the winter is over, to stump the State in the interest of sound money and the public credit. He will urge the sending of a solid sound money delegation to Chicago and the nomination of a democrat for president who is sound on all the issues. There is no man in the State who is better able to give reasons for the faith that is in him and his words will be worth thousands of votes to the cause of honest money and unimpaired National credit.

We manage some things better in Kentucky. For instance, our juries would have given a young lady an instant acquittal and a chromo, who after being annoyed to death by little negroes robbing her fruit trees and begging them to desist, shot into the gang and killed one. Not so in the District of Columbia. Miss Flagler, daughter of a general in the U. S. army, was tried this week, for the act named above and in addition to being sent to jail for a short time was fined \$500. Little negroes must be more valuable there than here and hereabouts.

WALLER, the former United States consul, just released from a French prison, will, it is said, be boomed by his sympathizers for the republican nomination for vice president. As Waller is said to have married a "nigger" wife, the scheme might be a good one. It would make the negroes feel to some extent like they were being recognized beyond the simple occupations of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

It is said that the silverites are going to bring Tillman, the blatherskite Senator from South Carolina, to Kentucky to help bolster up their rotten cause, which must be even more rotten than even its worst enemies imagined when such a blatant demagogue and vulgarian has to be imported to tell honest men what to believe.

The executive committee of the Kentucky Press Association, of which Mr. H. E. Woolfolk, of the Danville Advocate, is chairman, will meet at Georgetown today to arrange for the next meeting which will likely be at the capital of Scott in response to a cordial invitation.

When the majority report was read in the Legislature Wednesday "recommending that Werner be nitted to his seat on count of gross fraud," the wildest scenes of the session occurred. A democrat wanted the report printed and made a special order for next Wednesday and then the trouble began. Democrats denounced republicans as liars, etc., and the lobby cried "give 'em hell." The republicans soon saw that they had "hit off more than they could chew," the principal offender apologized, the whole thing was deferred till to-day and while winged peace again spread her wings.

The tariff bill passed by the House is "as dead as Julius Caesar," as Senator Frye remarked. The Senate put it to sleep when it rejected the motion to take it up by a vote of 33 to 22, five free coinage republicans voting with the six populists and democrats against it. The republicans are hopelessly split on the silver question and the silverites will agree to no tariff legislation till their pet measure is adopted, which means that neither the tariff nor the silver act will become the law, for which relief much thanks.

All efforts to get Blackburn to stand aside and give some other man a chance will prove unavailing, so canuses like the one held to that end the other night are a waste of time. Blackburn is for his own selfish self and he will see to it that if he doesn't get the prize no democrat shall.

It was the same old story yesterday, with but slight variations. Blackburn and Hunter each received 62 votes on the 32d ballot, while 10 members voted for other persons.

LAW MAKING AT FRANKFORT.

The bill to prevent the sale of cigarettes in Kentucky was passed by the House.

The Senate concurred in the House resolution favoring the election of United States Senators by popular vote.

Silverite members of the legislature in caucus decided to block the election of any Senator since Blackburn can not win.

A bill to require a Bible to be placed in every public school in the State, and if trustees require it, a chapter shall be read each school day has been presented in the House.

Mr. King introduced a bill providing that persons whose immediate relatives have been killed by mob violence may bring suit for damages against each of the persons implicated in the crime.

It is announced that Gov. Bradley has determined to appoint Senator Landess to the vacancy on the appellate bench, but will wait until the legislature adjourns so as not to destroy the tie.

Our old friend, Sam Carson, may not be able to spell except by ear, but he manages to get there when the call is made for him. His latest is to provide a board of inspectors for eleemosynary institutions and is said to be aimed especially at the Catholic institutions.

It is said that his friends will make this proposition: Senator Blackburn will agree to withdraw permanently from the race if the majority of the full joint democratic caucus requests him to withdraw, provided, however, that Messrs. Weissinger, Carroll, Speight, Walker and Violett will go into that caucus and agree to abide by the decision of the majority.

NEWSY NOTES.

The gold reserve is now up to \$124,328,000.

The Paris News reports the sale of 15 mules at \$85.

The prohibitionists won at Fordville, Ohio county, 63 to 23.

R. B. Geoghegan, the Louisville hardshearer, has again assigned.

At Princeton, in Fayette county, Bob Toomey killed Henry Benton.

Judge Perkins, at Covington fined the poolroom proprietors \$500 each.

In Mashonaland, Africa \$42,000,000 of gold is being mined annually.

W. N. Lane, the murderer of the two Rodenbaughs, is on trial at Versailles.

Three hundred negroes have left Birmingham for Savannah, to sail for Liberia.

At Sardis, Ala., a man shot another to death when he caught him waltzing with his wife.

Thomas Gray, a clerk in the L. & N. freight department at Louisville, committed suicide.

Sheriff A. D. Pence, of Nelson county, for 30 years either a sheriff or a deputy, died Tuesday.

Thomas Voiers, a switchman, was run over and killed by an L. & N. freight train in Louisville.

Thomas Haines, of Bridgeport, Ind., fell from a load of straw he was hauling and broke his neck.

James H. Mulligan, of Lexington, has been appointed United States consul at Capetown, South Africa.

A. B. Dixon, circuit clerk of Leslie, has been given a \$1,500 clerkship in the auditor's office at Frankfort.

While trying to rescue his drowning boy, L. Rucker, of Oatlandsburg, was also lost in the depths of the Ohio river.

Mose Feltnor and Carter Lewis, two of the Leslie county "Jayhawkers," were convicted in the federal court of conspiring against and assaulting a government officer who was then in the discharge of his duty.

The militia at Easley, S. C., is under arms to prevent the lynching of Henry Ashmore, who brutally attacked his wife.

Texas will have an exposition at Dallas in 1897 to celebrate the semi-centennial of its annexation by the United States.

On his death bed Thomas Johnson, of Creston, Iowa, confessed to the killing of two men, of which he was never suspected.

Ex-Gov. Boies, of Iowa, has issued a letter declining to be a candidate for president, but nobody asked him, sir, she said.

Peter Williams, a saw mill man of Delphos, O., fell on a running saw and was cut in two. His heart was also cut in twain.

By the explosion of a saw mill boiler near Middlesboro, James Brewer was killed and Henry Scott was fatally wounded.

Thomas Harris, a Fern, Ind., Sunday school superintendent, is wanted at that place for stealing a Bible and a lot of hymn books.

Two robbers attempted to plunder the City National Bank at Wichita Falls, Tex., and shot to death the cashier, Frank Dorsey.

W. F. Yardley, a colored Knoxville lawyer, has announced himself a candidate for governor of Tennessee, independent of party.

Sixteen-year-old John Millen, of Columbus, O., committed suicide because his father objected to his going with a certain young lady.

Mrs. Fannie Workman, of Huntington, W. Va., fell dead while looking at her mother's corpse and they were buried in the same grave.

On a wager, a West Virginia man in 10 days drank a gallon of alcohol, two gallons of hard cider and seven quarts of whiskey and six bottles of gin.

At Valasco, Tex., the principal of a school attempted to chastise a pupil when all of the scholars attacked the pedagogue and beat him severely.

Commander-in-Chief Walker has decided upon the first week in September as the time for holding the National encampment of the G. A. R. at St. Paul.

Some enterprising fellow sprinkled a lot of blood on the privet bushes growing near where Pearl Bryan was murdered and sold twigs at 15 cents to morbid suckers.

John Bradley, of Winchester, O., was buried this week in a grave he dug for himself three years ago. The coffin used had been kept under his bed for a couple of years.

The Central Hotel and several stores at Morehead were destroyed by fire. The loss is \$15,000. Editor Callon, of the Leader, was overcome by heat and is in a serious condition.

Mrs. Mahala McGlone and Fleming Jordan have been rearrested and jailed at Grayson. They are charged with the murder of Mrs. McGlone's husband, who disappeared five years ago.

L. L. Buckner, aged 45, and his son, aged 10, were drowned in a Catlettsburg skating pond. The boy was skating and the ice broke. His father in attempting to save him was also drowned.

Chief Moore, of the Weather Bureau, estimates that millions of dollars' worth of property was saved from destruction as the result of the warnings of a cold wave recently sent out by the bureau.

Judge William Russell Smith, one of the best known men in the South and a native of Russellville, died in Washington, aged 81. He served three terms in the United States Congress from Alabama, and was also a member of the Confederate Congress.

Secretary Carlisle was tendered an ovation at the banquet given in his honor at the Manhattan Club in New York. The secretary spoke at length on sound money, and began his address with the declaration that it pleased him particularly to be present because he knew that he was coming to meet democrats who had never repudiated their party's principles. He made an earnest, eloquent plea for the maintenance of sound currency, and insisted that in politics honesty was the best policy.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—Fine Jersey bull. A. G. Huffman.

HAY.—1,300 bales of good timothy hay for sale by F. Reid, Stanford.

Forester Reid shipped to J. D. Smith at London a nice Jersey cow for \$60.

John B. Rout, of the West End, sold to T. J. Robinson a bunch of shoats at 3 1/2c.

J. C. Have sold in Garrard a bunch of steers at \$15 and several heifers at \$14.

Geo. Lindenberger has been made secretary of the Louisville Fair and Driving Association.

Thomas Napier, of Crab Orchard, sold to David Thompson, of Garrard, 49 145-pound hogs at 3 5/8c.

Rev. A. J. Pike, of Brodhead, sold at Lancaster Monday a bunch of steers at 3c and a lot of heifers at 2 1/2c.

J. J. Thompson sold to John Thompson, of Bee Lick, a bunch of 2 and 3-year-old cattle at 3 to 3 1/2c.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—No. 1 good jack in fine shape. Call on or address W. L. McCarty, Kingsville, Ky.

W. C. Greening has rented the Patton place of 200 acres near Hustonville for \$400. He will put 40 acres in tobacco.

George S. Carpenter bought of W. A. Hall six calves at \$15 00 and sold to

C. M. Spoonamore a bunch of heifers at \$11.

Faulconer & Roe will have another combination sale at Danville, April 9 and 10, when 150 or more business horses will be offered.

Chillicothe's famous kite track, which cost with its stables \$60,000, sold at auction Monday for \$16,025 and it will likely be cut up in town lots.

Louis Walz bought of J. E. Lynn a lot of butcher stuff at 2 1/2c and some fat hogs 3 1/2c. He also bought of Robert Barnett a bunch of hogs at same price.

600 bales of good timothy hay for sale. Will deliver on the cars in Crab Orchard at 60c per 100 lbs. Seed oats and corn also for sale. John Buchanan.

The Democrat says the best cattle on the Winchester market Monday brought 4 cents. Quite a number of plain cattle brought 3 1/2c. Some good mountain steers sold for 3 1/2c; a lot of 711 lb. steers, 3 1/2c; heifers, 300 lbs., 2 1/2c; 700 lbs., 2 3/4c; a few bulls, 2c; a small lot of cattle hogs, 4 cents. A number of calves were offered but the demand was slow. The best price of the day, \$200, was for a pair of well-matched 15 1/2 hand mules.

P. P. Nunnally has made the following sales: To S. H. Shanks 15 calves at \$10, to Louis Walz a cow for \$24, to Dave Embury a cow for \$25, to S. H. Baughman a pair of steers and a heifer for \$87.50, to James Spillman two extra good calves for \$35, to Walz, of Garrard, a pair of oxen for \$70, to Jesse Fox eight calves at \$14.10, to J. A. Doty, of Garrard, 15 steers at \$22, to Nick Perkins six calves at \$12 and to Sam Cochran 12 heifers at \$10.50.

KINGSVILLE.

Mrs. James Roy entertained a party of young people at dinner Wednesday.

Mrs. Fannie Carey and little grandson are visiting her brother at Winchester.

We had preaching Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the Presbyterian church by Rev. Cook, of Burnside.

Rev. J. L. Allen, of Danville, pastor of the Christian church at this place, preached to a large and attentive audience both morning and night Sunday.

Mrs. Bessie McFarland is still very sick, being confined to her bed all the time. Mr. Adlai Glass, once of this place, but now of Danville, was in town this week shaking hands with old friends.

A three year old child of Mr. John Linthicum, formerly of the South Fork section but now of Jackson county, was brought here Monday and buried at Pleasant Point. It was burned to death.

W. C. Alford, chairman of District No. 51, has been sparing no pains in remodeling the school house. He has reset 21 new desks and is now ready to accommodate the pupils much better than before.

The Santley and Owsley breeze from the hills of justice seems to have carried before it all our boys to some gentle clime, where the air is free from the chilly gong of the court-house. Guilty consciences need no accusing.

The good people of this once hard and ill-fated portion of the county have striven hard to build up and maintain good morals. Shall it now be broken down and trodden under foot by a few unscrupulous persons? God forbid.

We have been informed by Mr. W. O. Watts that he saw the much-talked-of belled buzzard on his place last week. He said it was flying very low and seemed to have come from the East. It turned several times and flew West.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CALL ON

F. G. BRADY,

STANFORD, KY.

Pocket Key Checks by Mail for only 25 Cents. For baggage and Key Checks, Mail Order, of all kinds. Badges, Dog License Checks, Key Rings, Chains, etc. Stamping on Metal and general repairing. Shop over M. D. Elmore's store, Stanford, Ky.

DON'T FORGET THAT

THE FAVORITE MILLS,

AT MCKINNEY, KY.

Have just been overhauled and repaired by a hot iron to top by the famous Richmond City Mill Works, of Richmond, Ind., and with capacity now increased, are doing more and better work than ever before, and with the old reliable D. V. Kennedy at head miller, you are sure of good flour and fair treatment. He sure and bring us your grinding and when you get all for our old and well established brand, Favorite Mills, Ladies' Favorite and Baker's Choice.

BATES & SON, Successors to K. L. Tanner & Favorite Milling Co., Stanford, Ky.

DO YOU WANT A Situation? Circular address WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.

Prof. Smith, for 10 Years Principal of the COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY For System of Book-keeping and General Business Education, etc. Cost in complete Business Course about \$100, including tuition, books and board. Phonography, Typewriting and Telegraphy taught. 100% successful graduates. — 100 in rank and 100 officials. No Vacation. ENTER NOW. Kentucky University Diploma awarded our graduates. Assistance given our graduates in securing situations. In order that your letter may reach this College see this notice and address as below: WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.

NOTICE.

Look at Your Policies.

Policy No. 1,046 Mechanics and Traders Insurance Company is unaccounted for. Holder of issue will please deliver to me, same having been ordered cancelled.

D. W. VANDEVEER, Stanford, Ky.

GRAND: BARGAINS!

Our clearance sale has proven to be a wonderful success. The final will be a display that will completely outshine any previous effort. To delight the buying public we will make this week of circuit court a record unequalled an unapproached. We intend to be recognized

Leaders in Our Line!

CARRIAGES.

In overhauling our stock the past week we have thrown out a lot of Bargains in every department. We will quote you a few prices in each department.

DRESS GOODS.

One lot of short pieces from 4 to 8 yards, double width, worth 20 to 50c per yard. We have put them on the counter at 12 1/2c to 20c. One lot of wrapper goods, 8 and 10 yards in piece, worth 10c, will go a 7c.

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear marked down 25 per cent. Yarn Hose, ladies' size, 13c. A good yarn Sock 12 1/2c.

CLOTHING.

We are selling Boy's Knee Pant suits from 75c up. Men's Suits \$3, \$4.75, \$6 and \$7 that can not be duplicated elsewhere for 1/3 more money. In dusting up our medium price suits we found a lot of odd panis. Come and get them at the cost of the goods they are made of.

SHIRTS!

A lot of Negligee Shirts, some with collar and cuffs detached and some attached, worth 75c. We offer them this week for 40c.

Our Tailoring Line is Complete.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE, STANFORD, KY.

A. URBANSKY & CO., Proprietors, T. D. RANEY, Manager.

Branch Stores:

Paris, Carlisle, Mt. Sterling, Bardstown, Lawrenceburg, Cynthiana, Versailles, Eminence, Georgetown, Frankfort, Elizabethtown, Ky., and Mauckport, Ind.

Does Your

House Need Paint, Paper,

Or Varnish? We

HAVE EVERYTHING NEEDFUL

In that line and we fully warrant our goods.

We want your prescription work, too, and guarantee quality, accuracy and price.

PENNY'S DRUG STORE.

The Way to Get What You Need to Improve Your House

In the line of Wall Paper, Picture Mouldings, Window Shades, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Artists' Material, Brushes of all kinds, and Ready Mixed Paints for every purpose is to go to DANVILLE and see

A. E. GIBBONS,

Next door to Farmers National Bank, Main Street, and examine one of the Largest and Best Selected Lines ever offered in Central Kentucky.

"The BEST is Always The CHEAPEST."

LOOK HERE!

Seeding time is now; right at hand; we have a large stock of

Wheat Drills, Disc Harrows, Land Rollers, Corn Cutters, &c.

Embracing all of the most popular and approved kinds. We handle nothing but reliable and approved machinery. Come and examine our stock before buying. Prices all right. The season is getting short and we are offering special inducements to close out a nice line of Buggies and Surreys.

B. K. WEAREN.

W. L. WITHERS, Salesman.

BIG LINE OF

PLOW GEAR, HARNESS, SADDLERY, &c.

All Kinds and at Lowest Prices.

TURNING PLOWS,

Call and see them.

FARRIS & HARDIN.

STANFORD, KY., FEBRUARY 28, 1896

W. F. WALTON.

Domestic Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, can of condensed milk, dime's worth of ground cinnamon and half a dollar's worth of sugar. What do you want of all these things, Belinda?"

"I've got a dry loaf of baker's bread," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—Chicago Tribune.

How to Sell Shoes.

She had vainly striven to pry her number four foot into a number 2½ shoe, and the salesman saw that all efforts would be useless. Then he said: "Madam, let me show you a shoe especially made for Cinderella feet."

He produced a pair which fitted perfectly.

"I'll take them," she beamed.

"They were four's, marked 2½," lay City Chat.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Husband (reading Sunday newspaper)—Mary, here's something new in the household line. I have had your baker's and grocer's home-made bread, pies and chocolate; here is a whole column about home made desolate. (Thinks he is funny.)

Wife—You needn't read it. You can get the recipe at your favorite bucket shop.—Truth.

Suggestive.

"I am very much obliged to you, James, for this fine writing set, with heavy parchment paper," said the wealthy Mr. Oldblotch to his nephew, "but really do very little writing."

"True, uncle," replied the affectionate relative; "but I thought you might want to write your will."—Hay City Chat.

Precocious Children.

"Come, Mary, let us play 'father and mother.' I'll be the father, and you'll be the mother, with a child in your arms."

"All right, you begin."

"Oh, I wish that I had never married! What a fool I was!"—Flying Dutchman.

How much business can a man do whose system is in a state of disorder? Headache is only a symptom. It is not a disease. The pain in the head is the sign of rebellion. There have been mistakes in diet and other abuses.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a gentle, effective renovator and invigorator of stomach, liver and bowels. They assist nature without threatening to tear her up the body piece-meal. There are no gripping pains, no nausea. One is a laxative.

A book of 1008 pages, profusely illustrated, written by Dr. R. V. Pierce, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," will be sent free for 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only. World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 633 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best cure in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions. It positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by W. B. McKibben, druggist.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and W. B. McKibben, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. The remedy is indicated especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and is laudable for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious.

For sale by Craig & Hocker, Stanford, Ky.

People are growing more and more in the habit of looking to Craig & Hocker for the latest and best of everything in the drug line. They sent Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of bad colds, croup and whooping cough. When in need of such a medicine give them a ready trial and you will be more than pleased with the result.

For sale by Craig & Hocker, Stanford, Ky.

Threw Away His Pain.

Mr. D. W. Evers, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with crutches, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his crutches. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Craig & Hocker, Stanford, Ky.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctor she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, of Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, and without result every thing else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at G. L. Penny, East's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and 75c.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky or other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and an alterative. It acts only on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price 50c per bottle at W. B. McKibben's drug store.

D. S. CARPENTER,

OF HUSTONVILLE.

Will carry a full line of genuine Oliver Chilled Plows, Silver Steel Plows and repairs for the same and other leading farming implements. The Walter A. Wood Mower and Reaper Machines, Cultivators of the best quality, best Buggies, the money, Phaetons, Surreys and Carriages of the richest qualities and latest styles. The best grade of light buggy harness and the complete harness, collars, harness, bridles for farm and carriage grades. Collars, harness, bridles for all kinds of purposes, breaching and strap work of all kinds. Furniture of all descriptions. Trunks, bags, traveling telescopes, horse blankets, buggy rugs, stove and bed room furniture, and all of which he invites your attention and inspection and promise to deal justly and act honorably with you in all transactions. Good for very reasonable terms, and Blacksmith Shop for rent in best location in town; only one mile off.

D. S. CARPENTER, Hustonville, Ky.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

The major was one of the many well-born Englishmen who come to California with a younger son's portion and a small monthly allowance, and hope to make a fortune on a vineyard or a wheat ranch. The plan always looks feasible in England, and the agent assures his victim that the £1,000 will buy a ten-acre plot, plant vines, build a decent bungalow and tide the owner over until the vines shall bear and bring him a harvest of good American gold.

The major was going the way of many of his English friends. The £1,000 legacy was gone, and the monthly allowance of £20 (which, viewed from a distance, seemed large) always grew painfully small as it neared California and the debts it was supposed to cover. The major's little mountain vineyard had been destroyed by phylloxera, and he was living on the uncertain promise of a number of green shoots, called, respectfully, "the olive orchard." But the major was not unhappy. When he was not tilling the soil, he sat on his little veranda, with his briarwood pipe between his teeth, and studied the long, narrow, picturesque Napa valley far below.

It may be that the major's failure to succeed in the grape business was not the fault of the country, but that his genial, impractical nature was the true obstacle to success. The major was, in fact, the most helpless Englishman who ever came to California to take care of himself. The poor fellow became so convinced of this after a short trial that he engaged a man to act as valet to himself and incidentally cook the meals for both. The major was a solitary bachelor then. The gods alone know in what unpropitious moment he picked up Pete, to hang about his neck, a mill-stone of inefficiency. Pete's poverty must have been his recommendation and the major's poverty the excuse for keeping him. Pete had about as much knowledge of laying out and caring for a man's wardrobe as the major had of running a ranch. The consequence was that the major often presented himself at his friends' houses in the most surprising garb, a combination of white duck trousers, black frock coat and russet hunting boots being one of Pete's masterpieces. In his capacity as cook Pete was not one whit more efficient, and often suffered mental agony over the ponderous directions of the major's French cook book, which were like the hieroglyphics of the ancients to his clouded intellect. Considering the diet of sour bread and tinned meats which Pete provided, it is only less than marvelous that his benefactor was still alive.

When the major married Ellie Smith, a pretty San Francisco girl, Pete was promoted to be manager of the ranch, and expended his grooming talents on the pet mule. The major's wife was "artistic." She had studied sketching, and did some really clever bits. Her admiring husband was sure that she possessed the divine afflatus, and consequently much time was devoted to art and little time to ranching.

But this was not without protest from one individual. Not that he was disturbed by lack of work, but poor Pete was often more than the unwilling model for Ellie's clever studies. One day Pete posed for "The Man With the Hoe." His temper was particularly tried on that occasion, for he had taken up his tool with the honest intention of weeding the primitive vegetable garden. Though he had scudded through the back yard and climbed the rear fence, he had not counted on meeting his young mistress in the barnyard. He began to wrestle with the weeds and pretended not to see her. His education, however, had not included a sight of Miller's picture, or he would have fled down the mountain side in utter despair.

"Stop, stop, Pete, right there. Don't move an inch," called the sweet voice that drove him to madness. "Kenneth," Ellie called to her husband. "Look. Isn't it wonderful? The lights, the pose, the very landscape like—"

"The Man with the Hoe," shouted the major, gleefully. "I'll get your paints, Ellie. Hold on, Pete," and before that honest son of toil had time to collect his scattered senses he found himself posing in a very uncomfortable attitude, with the Napa valley lying at his feet and the major's familiar phrases ringing in his ears—"Fine pose—jolly good subject—delicious coloring."

After Pete posed for a hundred or more indifferent works of art without names, he began to think of deserting his master and leaving him to a just and awful fate. But this stupendous blow was averted by the arrival of Brompton Edwards, another Englishman, who had come to learn practical ranching under the direction of his father's old friend, the major.

After a week had been given up to driving his protégé about the valley and introducing him to the English colony, the major returned to his daily routine of pruning olive trees and digging out worm-eaten grape vines. Ellie soon discovered in the young man's clean-cut features and fine athletic figure an entirely new field for art study, and Edwards found the time pass more pleasantly as a model than as an embryo rancher. They were together during most of the daylight hours. When Brompton was not posing for a wild Norseman or a Greek hero, he was sitting very close to Ellie, criticizing, in soft, caressing tones, the sketches of himself which she had been doing. Without actually straying from the path of duty, Ellie was treading on dangerously uncertain territory. She quite frankly admitted to herself that she was pretty and charming, and, being of that mind, she did not repress comparisons between her husband and the younger man.

Matters had arrived at a state where a warm-hearted, but vain, young woman needed a friend with the strength to hold up a good, powerful unrelenting mirror for her to gaze into. Pete could have held up the mirror with right good will, but he did not know how. In those days he followed the major around with dog-like devotion, and only glowered when Ellie came out to the orchard one morning with her paints and succeeded in bringing upon herself a scolding from her over-indulgent husband. She held her head very high and stiff, and marched over the hill some distance away, where she seated herself and pretended to sketch, but was in reality nursing her injured feelings to keep them alive. The major watched her disappear with a pained expression on his good-natured face, and then went dejectedly into the house. Pete was deeply incensed against Ellie, and made another solemn vow to desert the ranch. It was the ninety-and-ninth time that he had done so, and this time he sealed the vow with an oath.

The long grass on the Napa hills was burned and crisp, and Ellie was dabbling yellow ochre and burnt umber over her canvas with vicious strokes. She was not giving any attention to her work, however, for an athletic form stood between her and the landscape, and she was indulging in a very foolish day dream. To do the little woman justice, she was not in love with Brompton, but her vanity had been stimulated to such wonderful activity by his youthful gallantries that she fancied he was deeply infatuated with her. She wondered if he would ever tell her that he loved her. If she could only have some test of his love, what a satisfaction it would be!

Over on the mountain side, a half mile away, Pete leaned on his hoe, and watched a thread of fire crawling, like a red snake, through the underbrush of chaparral and manzanita. He knew only too well that no human power could stop it, and that within a few minutes the gentle breeze would cause a flying spark to fall upon the long dry grass, and puff!—the crawling snake would become a great swirling, galloping mass of flame and smoke, and would pass over the very place where Ellie sat sulking and dreaming. Pete had firmly determined to leave the ranch. He had washed his hands of these people. He would not—but the grass was on fire, and Pete made a dash for the house, yelling at the top of his lungs for the major.

The volume of smoke was rising high when Ellie rose to her feet and sniffed the air. Before she could gather up her paints a thin rim of fire ran along the top of the little hill above her. The small birds and insects rose from the ground with a whirl, and scattered down the hillside. Ellie glanced quickly backward, and saw the fire licking up the grass as it bore down upon her and the smoke rolling heavenward in dense, scoty clouds. She did not lose her presence of mind, but remembered a small plowed field a short distance away, where the flames could not reach her, and ran nimbly down the hill, with her fluttering skirts gathering cockle burrs and stalker weed as she sped.

When she was fairly on the plowed ground and gasping for breath, she saw the young Englishman tearing along the hill at a frantic rate. Through the smoke he looked pale and frightened; here was the longest proof of his love; he thought she was in danger and had come to her rescue. A deep blush mounted to her cheeks and her heart beat to suffocation. But he did not seem to see her. It was evident to her that he was crazed with fear and would plunge into the fire in search of her. Merciful God! he would be burned.

"Brompton!" she screamed; "dear Brompton, I am here, safe!"

The fire was very close, and she had to throw herself flat upon the ground to escape being burned. She gave one more despairing cry as she felt the hot breath scorch her clothing:

"Brompton! Brompton! Brompton!"

A great wave of smoke and flame swept around the edges of the plowed ground, and for a minute nothing could be seen or heard. Fortunately for Ellie, the dry grass burned like tinder, and the fire was soon roaring down the hill toward the valley.

When Ellie, choked and frightened, lifted her head, she saw the thin, long, scantly clad legs of her husband bounding over the blackened earth toward her. His duck trousers were smeared with soot, and he had a wet blanket about his shoulders. He could not speak, but caught Ellie in his arms and burst into stifled sobs.

Back of them was heard the voice of Brompton Edwards.

"Hello, there, major," he called; "I had a very narrow squeak of it. My hammock and books are burned to tinder by this. By Jove, old fellow, you are burned yourself, aren't you? Your wife was safe enough. I knew she could take care of herself."

But Ellie buried her head in the wet blanket with a shudder, and burst into tears of shame and contrition.

"Well, well," gasped Pete, who had stumbled up the hill with a bundle of wet sacks. "I never was so plaguey scared in my life. Thought you'd be burned sure, Miss Ellie. Me an' the major'll have a fine time next week clearing—"

For Pete had reconsidered his ninety-and-ninth vow. Indeed it was only a week later when he was speculating if there was ever a happier couple than the major and his Ellie. And Pete beamed as he thought of the ignoble part Brompton Edwards played on the day of the fire.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The young American idea is taught to shoot by means of 793 patents issued on as many educational appliances. The old-fashioned birch ruler or section of rubber hose used in education is not protected by a patent and may be employed by and pedagogues.

—The Chief Qualification. When for a fitting occupant. An office starts to beg. Then every modest aspirant protrudes a tangle leg. —Truth.

A SAFEGUARD.

The Widow—How strange! The people who live near the cemetery claim they are haunted by the ghosts of my three husbands.

The Friend—They should ask you to come and live with them.—Truth.

A Better Arrangement.

Huggins—Hello, Kinsam, had your hair cut?

Kinsam—Yes, dear boy. I found a place where they cut your hair while you wait.

Huggins—That's good. A barber shop is usually a place where they cut some other man's hair while you wait.—Life.

An Error.

"Excuse me," he said to the eminent musician, "but I called to inquire whether you would oblige our firm with a testimonial."

"You are in the piano trade, I presume?"

"No, sir; hair restorer."—Washington Star.

Money to Burn.

Smythe—Tompkins had money to burn when I met him to-day.

Mrs. Smythe—Then I suppose the foolish fellow has spent it by this time.

Smythe—Yes; when I saw him he was looking for his coal dealer.—N. Y. World.

Seeking Knowledge.

Johnny—Where did baby come from, maw?

Mamma—From Heaven. Ess um did, didden um? Um's mummer's ownest cooledge daddle darning, um is!

Johany—Maw, is that the way people talk in Heaven?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

True to His Vow.

She—Come, dear, here are some nice, fresh biscuits I cooked myself. Put on your slippers and come to the table.

He—Excuse me, dear, I don't think I'll put on my slippers. I've always made the boast that I'd die with my boots on.—Yonkers Statesman.

Even That Didn't Comfort Her.

She—It is a pretty rug, indeed, dear, but it is a good deal too large for me.

He (thoughtlessly)—Yes, I was afraid it might be. Mildred's hand is bigger by two sizes, sure, than yours.—Somerville Journal.

Why He Wanted It.

Creditor—Can't you pay something on account of that bill you owe me?

Debtor—How much do you want?

Creditor—I'd like enough to meet the fees of a lawyer to sue you for the balance.—Tit-Bits.

Love's Doubts.

She (honey-moon over)—I don't believe you ever did truly love me.

He—Great Scott, woman! I married you, didn't I?

She—Yes. That's the reason.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Telling.

Ringway—Your sister expects me to dinner, doesn't she, Willie?

Willie—Oh, yes. She said she didn't know but what you might stay to breakfast.—Life.

A Marked Difference.

"What's the difference between notoriety and fame?"

"Well, if a man is notorious, he is still alive; if he is famous, he's dead."—Chicago Record.

Different.

Robbs—A boy's will is like the wind's will.

Bobbs—Wrong! One raises the air, while the other has no help to raise.—N. Y. World.

Always Dear.

The wealthy maid that weds a lord should never have a fear that she'll not love him, for, in truth, she'll find him very dear.

—Town Topics.

An Important Point.

"Now, Freddie, the moment you're naughty, Louise will put you to bed."

"Say, ma, which of us is to decide if I'm naughty?"—Life.

A Boston Girl's Precision.

He—Did you ever see him when he was mad?

She—Do you mean crazy or angry?

—Town Topics.

An Ingenious Woman.

"What shall I do?" she moaned. "I have smashed my bicycle."

"Let me see the wheel," said her mother. "Why, those wheels are very light indeed!"

"Yes, the lightest manufactured."

"Well, there is no need to waste them. I'll take them to the milliner's and have some trimming put on them. They will make some lovely hats for you and your sister to wear."—N. Y. Mercury.

Hard Fate.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime museum orator, leading his auditors over to the next platform, "is the armless wonder, Sig. Basil Bagstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he saw wood."—Chicago Tribune.

The Chief Qualification.

When for a fitting occupant. An office starts to beg. Then every modest aspirant protrudes a tangle leg. —Truth.

A SAFEGUARD.

The Widow—How strange! The people who live near the cemetery claim they are haunted by the ghosts of my three husbands.

The Friend—They should ask you to come and live with them.—Truth.

A Better Arrangement.

Huggins—Hello, Kinsam, had your hair cut?

Kinsam—Yes, dear boy. I found a place where they cut your hair while you wait.

Huggins—That's good. A barber shop is usually a place where they cut some other man's hair while you wait.—Life.

An Error.

"Excuse me," he said to the eminent musician, "but I called to inquire whether you would oblige our firm with a testimonial."

"You are in the piano trade, I presume?"

"No, sir; hair restorer."—Washington Star.

Money to Burn.

Smythe—Tompkins had money to burn when I met him to-day.

Mrs. Smythe—Then I suppose the foolish fellow has spent it by this time.

Smythe—Yes; when I saw him he was looking for his coal dealer.—N. Y. World.

Seeking Knowledge.

Johnny—Where did baby come from, maw?

Mamma—From Heaven. Ess um did, didden um? Um's mummer's ownest cooledge daddle darning, um is!

Johany—Maw, is that the way people talk in Heaven?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

True to His Vow.

She—Come, dear, here are some nice, fresh biscuits I cooked myself. Put on your slippers and come to the table.

He—Excuse me, dear, I don't think I'll put on my slippers. I've always made the boast that I'd die with my boots on.—Yonkers Statesman.

Even That Didn't Comfort Her.

She—It is a pretty rug, indeed, dear, but it is a good deal too large for me.

He (thoughtlessly)—Yes, I was afraid it might be. Mildred's hand is bigger by two sizes, sure, than yours.—Somerville Journal.

Why He Wanted It.

Creditor—Can't you pay something on account of that bill you owe me?

Debtor—How much do you want?

Creditor—I'd like enough to meet the fees of a lawyer to sue you for the balance.—Tit-Bits.

Love's Doubts.

She (honey-moon over)—I don't believe you ever did truly love me.

He—Great Scott, woman! I married you, didn't I?

She—Yes. That's the reason.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Telling.

Ringway—Your sister expects me to dinner, doesn't she, Willie?

Willie—Oh, yes. She said she didn't know but what you might stay to breakfast.—Life.

A Marked Difference.

"What's the difference between notoriety and fame?"

"Well, if a man is notorious, he is still alive; if he is famous, he's dead."—Chicago Record.

Different.

Robbs—A boy's will is like the wind's will.

Bobbs—Wrong! One raises the air, while the other has no help to raise.—N. Y. World.

Always Dear.

The wealthy maid that weds a lord should never have a fear that she'll not love him, for, in truth, she'll find him very dear.

—Town Topics.

An Important Point.

"Now, Freddie, the moment you're naughty, Louise will put you to bed."

"Say, ma, which of us is to decide if I'm naughty?"—Life.

A Boston Girl's Precision.

He—Did you ever see him when he was mad?

She—Do you mean crazy or angry?

—Town Topics.

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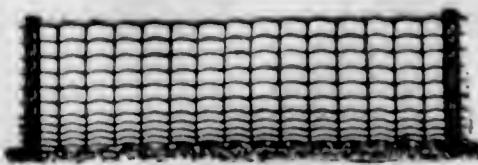
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" Elkhorn.....	7:15	4:35	1:20
" Stamping Ground.....	7:27	4:47	1:33
" Georgetown.....	7:45	5:05	1:51
Arr. C. S. Depot.....	7:50	5:09	1:56
" Paris.....	8:30	5:47	2:40

TRAINS WEST.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 10.
Lvs Frankfort A	9:05	6:00	4:40
" C. S. Depot.....	9:10	6:05	4:45
" Georgetown B	10:10	6:49	5:55
" Stamp's Gro'd	10:25	6:58	6:12
" Elkhorn.....	10:46	7:15	6:29
Arr Frankfort A.....	11:00	7:30	6:45

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SOME DAY.

Some day, dear heart, it may be far or near, Perhaps at bright'ning morn or dark'ning night, Some calling voice will faintly catch my ear, And rouse within a strangely dread delight. And friends will ask, perchance, with quivering lips, As they may hear, at times, a stifled moan, And I shall long for touch of finger tips, Some loving hand to warmly clasp my own. Perhaps in my distress you'll not be near, The snows may lie above you, cold and white; The voice I love so much I may not hear, Unless in spirit whispers through the night. Death never comes for naught, and I shall die— Some day it will be so—it comes to all: And will you, list'ning, hear my faintest cry, Returning answer to my feeblest call? Another hand may gently stroke my hair, And close my eyes and watch while life endures; But, Oh! my soul shall wander everywhere, With ceaseless, longing cry in search of yours! Then if the first you go the way alone, Will you not wait, list'ning ever bet? And when you hear the old, familiar tone, Along with Heaven's morning, come to me? —E. W. Dutcher, in Banner of Gold.

A WHITNEY GIRL.

BY KATHERINE RATES.

"After all, she looks best in Nan's hat." "No, she doesn't. Nan's needs a little more loose hair around her face; as long as hers won't curl, she had better wear Peg's broad one that sets well down on her head." The girl who stood before the glass trying on her sisters' hats turned impatiently. "Good gracious!" she said. "What earthly difference does it make just how I do look? If only you girls could make up your minds that I am real down home, life would be a good deal simpler for us all. Every time I am asked anywhere we go through all this, and no one cares two pips how one of the Whitney girls looks!" The four older sisters looked very uncomfortable. "Don't talk like that, Jennie," Peg, the oldest, said, at last. "Well, it is true," Jennie answered. "You never had the sort of times other girls have, did you? I know Nan and I never had any attention shown us from the time we were chosen last to play games at school up to now, when we are only asked to moonlight picnics and surprise parties by the boy who makes up his mind to go too late to get any other girl. I suppose it was the same way with you, and Liza and Sue." The five women stood and looked at each other. They were all tall and painfully thin, with prominent cheek bones and sunken eyes. Their mother had died of consumption, and it was confidently expected in the neighborhood that the girls would eventually "go off" as she had gone. Jennie was less pale and thin than the others; her eyes, though deep-set, were blue, not gray, and her hair had a slightly reddish shade to it, which made her look more positively alive than her sisters. They had thought her pretty, had revelled in the belief that she was popular, had rejoiced that she seemed gay and happy. Liza had once called Peg's attention to the merriment of her laugh. "I declare," she had said, "she laughs right out just the way I have always wanted to all my life, only there never was any reason big enough to justify it. I am glad she and Nan don't have to scrimp quite as we did." Jennie had never before spoken as to-day, and now was heartily ashamed of herself. "I don't know what made me say all that," she said, apologetically, looking at the painted faces. "Of course I am glad to be a Whitney, and we have plenty of good times if we are poor and plain." "Yes," said Liza, "and the Whitneys have always been respected in the church here. Grandpa and pa were both respected highly, and each was superintendent of Sunday school five years, you know." "Yes, of course they were," said Jennie. "Tremendously respected—so I do not much matter that we girls aren't—well, what the Springer girls are." "Thank heavens!" said Liza, "we aren't as foolish in our talk as they are." Jennie wore her own hat when she went that afternoon with Jim Russell to the basket picnic over by the river. She put on the freshly-ironed linen lawn that had been Nan's the summer before, planning it at the neck with Peg's pin which had Grandma Whitney's hair in it. "Clothes look just like me," she muttered to herself, "and like Peg and Sue and Nan and Liza." It was a long drive to the bluffs. Usually when Jennie went to picnics with one of the boys she made an effort to be "sprightly"; to-day the unwonted blither streak had mastery of her and she sat in almost utter silence, even when other buggies passed them with gayly laughing Springer or Brown girls in them. "If he might have asked one of them if he'd wanted a lively time," she thought; and then remembered that he probably had, and had then asked her to show some one was glad to go with him. Jim, too, was very quiet. He drove carefully over the deep ruts in the road, his whole attention apparently centered on doing as little injury as possible to the springs of his buggy. As they came near the end of the six-mile drive he suddenly turned to her. "Jennie," he said, "I have always liked you first rate, as you know. Do you suppose you could ever love me enough to marry me?" She stared at him, dumfounded. Was one of the Whitney girls having a proposal? Another feeling succeeded

the surprise and she looked away quickly, while the color rushed to her pale cheeks. Before she had time to speak they turned a corner and found themselves surrounded by the picnickers. "Come along," called Bess Springer. "You are the very last. Hurry up and tie your horse, and let's climb the bluffs before supper-time." The sisters were waiting to talk it all over with Jennie when she got home. After her speeches of the morning they hesitated about questioning her, but she sat down by the kitchen table where Peg was finishing the ironing, and told all about it. "Yes, a very good supper. We spread it on the grass beneath the big elm tree. The only trouble was that there were too many black ants. We had lots of good cake and fried chicken. Mrs. Woods' lemon pies and your cookies, Sue, were the best things." She did not tell that the cookies were passed, after several rich cakes, Bess Springer had exclaimed: "Cookie! Oh, yes, from the Whitneys!" "Was the river pretty?" asked Nan; she had never been to a bluff picnic. "Oh, yes, real pretty, and everybody enjoyed climbing the bluffs. The brown girls were afraid they were going to fall, and made lots of fun." She rose, went to the shelf where the bucket of water stood, and drank little sips aimlessly from the tin cup. "Hurry and get your drink and tell us what happened besides supper and climbing the bluffs," said Nan, impatiently. Jennie turned and faced the sisters. "On the way over," she said, quietly, "Jim said he loved—liked me, and wanted me to marry him." Peg dropped her iron. They all gazed silently at Jennie. Through Peg's mind passed a vision of Jennie in a two-story home of her own on the next farm, a nice parlor with tidies on every chair—tidies made by Jennie's sisters—sweet little children about the place, always clamoring to go over and see their aunties. Her thoughts traveled so rapidly that before the silence was broken one of these children had grown into a very pretty girl, who stopped on her way home from picnics to tell her dear old aunts what a lovely time she had. They knew she had been the belle of the picnic, though she was much too sweet to mention the fact. Liza's voice dispelled the vision. "You dear girl," she said, "I just know you will be real happy. Jim was always a good boy." "I am not going to marry him," said Jennie. "Jennie! why not?" The four asked the question together. Jennie hesitated. "Well," she said, "I am not set on it; and I suppose I am liable to have consumption some day, and perhaps I ought not to get married." "That's silly," said Sue. "Because mother had it is no sign you will. You have never had any cough to speak of." The others began their protests, but she interrupted them. "Consumption hasn't got anything to do with it," she said. "I wanted to think it over—proposals being sort of new to me, you know—so I went off by myself down by the spring under the bank for a minute or so after supper. Bess Springer and Tom Johnson were there, and I heard Bess telling how Jim proposed to Sally last night and was awfully cut up because she would not have him. So it was not much of an offer after all, you see. Good-night, girls." As she turned to leave the kitchen she stopped for a second by the ironing board and laid her hand on Peg's shoulder. "Peggy," she said, tenderly, with her voice trembling a little, "there certainly never was as good a man in all Missouri as pa—unless it was grandpa."—Midland Monthly.

A FUNNY BATTLE.

One Woman Against a Company of Trained Soldiers. M. Paul Deroudele, a French poet who has recently achieved success, was captain of a company in the service of the Versailles government of national defense, in 1871. At one time he had to lead his company against a street barricade in Paris, raised by communists. Some signs of resistance had been observed behind. As Deroudele marched his men on, a woman sprang to the top of the barricade, aimed a Chassepot rifle at the leader, and fired. The soldiers ducked their heads, but no one was hit. They marched on. Deroudele in advance. He smiled, eyeing calmly the woman, who leveled her gun at him and fired again. Once more no one was hit. On went the soldiers steadily, their captain smiling, the woman on the barricade continuing to charge her piece and to fire each time as nearly as she could at Deroudele. Presently, however, the soldiers were on the barricade. The woman threw away her gun and stood with folded arms. She was one of the petroleuses—the famous fighting women of the commune. Deroudele looked behind the barricade to see who else was defending it. No one was there; the woman was alone. Then the captain took off his cap, bowed low to the woman, and said very politely: "Madame, I regret exceedingly that I am unable to congratulate you; but really, in view of your marks-manship, I cannot!"—Youth's Companion.

Watch Monopoly in Switzerland.

Switzerland proposes to have a state watch monopoly. The monopoly is not for profit, but is merely the pretext for the total suppression of the manufacture of phosphorous matches, an industry which means painful disease and an untimely death to the poor work people engaged in it. The horrors of the phosphorous disease are as revolting as those of leprosy.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Whenever blue occurs in the iris it is generally the predominant color.

Containing a Useful Hint. "Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. McSwat, who was waiting for his wife to put the finishing touches to her toilet before starting for the theater. "What's that perfume you are putting on your handkerchief, Lobelia?" "It's musk," she replied. Whereupon Mr. McSwat took a revolver out of his pocket and laid it back on the bureau. "No footpad will come within a mile of us this evening, Lobelia," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Mounted. "Who is that common-looking man we met just now riding that magnificent horse?" asked Banks. "That's Williamson Throggs, D. D., LL. D.," answered Rivers. "Huh! If I'd been asked which of the two seemed the more likely to have an honorary title I should have said the horse." "That's all right, too. The horse is entitled to write R. A. B. N., after its name."—Chicago Tribune.

At the Hall. Ethel—Oh! dear, I wish I was a nun! Maud—I don't see why you want to be a nun; you always have lots of partners. Ethel—Well, that's just it. I have to dance when I'm tired out, or else people will think I'm not asked, whereas a nun need only dance when he feels like it.—Harper's Bazar.

A Different Vine Altogether. "What a delicious drink!" said an agriculturally ignorant young woman, who was sipping some kumys at the cattle show. "Is it made from the product of the grape-vine, George?" "No," replied George, "it is made from the product of the bovine."—Hay City Chat.

Plenty on Tap. First Rider—Jim, something has punctured the pneumatic tire of my bicycle, and the wind is all coming out of it. Jim—Never mind, old fellow; here comes a member of congress and we'll get him to fill it up again.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

She Was Warm. "Darling," said Mr. McElride, soliloquously, "I am afraid you are not dressed warmly enough." "Do I look stylish, dear?" asked his wife. "Yes; perfectly stunning." "Then I am very comfortable, thank you."—Life.

A Changed Man. When Brown first wed he told of what "I" did or was to do; The "I" was changed into a "We" in just a year or two. And after that throughout the rest of his poor bespeckled life, He lost his own identity and talked about "my wife."—Law Bulletin.

An Optical Delusion. "What's the matter with your eye, Mr. Garvey?" "Oh, got a cinder in it." "What are you doing for it?" "Oh, I'm lettin' an' git well. Oh had the cinder extracted but an oye-dintist."—Judge.

Prospects. "I am engaged to lovely Nell." They heard the youth demurely say. "And what's more, if she likes me well, Perhaps she'll marry me some day."—Washington Star.

A NEIGHBORLY SPIRIT. When she refused to marry me, She promised she would be my sister; Yet she was mad as mad could be, When, with fraternal haste, I kissed her. —N. Y. Tribune.

THE CALLER'S HYPOCRISY. Mistress—What did you tell those ladies who just called? Bridget—Oh, told them that yez was not in, mum. Mistress—And what did they say? Bridget—"How fortinut," mum.—Leslie's Weekly.

Stated. The pain of Economy's grip Is felt upon Pleasure's fair neck, When our wishes say: "Now let'er rip!" And Experience holds us in check. —Truth.

A Simple Plan. Mr. Youngman (after long thought) —Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you, without proposing? Mr. Benedict (absently)—Yes; make her mad.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where to Find Them. "This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?" "In the penitentiary," replied a man in the gallery.—N. Y. World.

Meticulous. A—Tom must have had an awful cold when he became engaged. B—Why? A—Because when one has a cold one has no taste.—Fliegende Blätter.

Spoke for Himself. Sayboy—I am thinking of going into business; is there any money in clothes? —Hayboy—Not a cent in mine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Defined. Bennie—What's a conversationalist? Jennie—Oh, it's a man that doesn't have to stop talking when he hasn't got anything more to say.—Truth.

Defined. "I never indulge in irony." "No, I would say your brilliancy was principally glittering steal."—Life.



"Mumun, can I have Freddy Sanborn to slide down our cellar door?" "Won't you enjoy it just as much alone?" "No. There are too many splinters in it now."—Life.

A Good Cause. When asked why she rejected me Her reasons were most frank. She weighed me in the balance—and I had none at the bank. —N. Y. Herald.

Would Have Cheered Her. She—Dear mamma's quite worried about you. She says you looked so very sober when you left home last evening. He—Ah, she ought to have seen me when I returned.—Brooklyn Life.

A Nice Situation. Gildersleeve—Young Herway has a job at last. Tillinghast—What business? Gildersleeve—Son-in-law.—Town Topics.

Modesty. Ser'mpl'te—Doctor, this bill of yours is preposterous!—ridiculous! Dr. Chazem (blandly)—Well, I don't mind saying that it's absurdly low myself!—Harper's Bazar.

A Forebanner. Mr. Serapheigh—I had an awful dream last night. I thought I was dead. Mrs. Serapheigh—The room was very warm, wasn't it?—Puck.

The Effect of Agitation. Employer—How is it, James, that you are so late this morning? Office Boy—I—I—didn't know you were coming so early, sir!—Puck.

Answered. Sokes—Did you ever see "Too Much Johnson"? Jokes—Johnson was the name of the girl I married.—Town Topics.

It Annoyed Her. "I never was so mortified in all my life!" she exclaimed. "What was the matter?" asked her dearest friend. "My maid told me that my finnee was in the reception-room." "Yes." "And I threw my arms around him and kissed him twice before I discovered that it was his twin brother. Take my advice and never become engaged to a twin." "On the contrary, I think I shall look for one. It just doubles the fun."—Chicago Post.

Convincing Evidence. "Jim," exclaimed the Foggy Bottom matron, "yoh done promised me dat yoh was gwine ter let politics alone." "Well, s'poin' I did," was the somewhat sulky reply. "Whah yer gwine to-night?" "Am gwine nowwah in puttickier." "Deed! I knows which yoh's gwine. I knows de signs. Yoh's gwine ter de meetin', foh sho! When I sees er razzar an' er flask an' er set er resolutions in er man's overcoat pockets I knows 'is business ebry time."—Washington Star.

Johnnie's Advice to His Mother. Dr. Perkins Sooner was called in at the Chaffie mansion to prescribe for Mrs. Chaffie, who was quite unwell. "Madame," said the doctor, "will you kindly put out your tongue?" "Don't do it, mother dear," said Johnnie, "or he may pound you as papa did me yesterday when I stuck my tongue out at him."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Getting Ahead in Life. "Isn't it queer," said Gonroog, "that I've always been mistaken about my age? I thought I was 69 last December, but I got hold of our old family Bible the other day and discovered I was only 65." "I have always told you," observed Plunkett, "that you've been living too fast."—Chicago Tribune.

Indispensable. "You have left out an important statement in this resume story," said a professor in the school of journalism to one of his students. "Indeed, sir?" "Yes, you neglect to say that the boy was rescued just as he was going down for the third time."—N. Y. World.

Worse Now. Cumsio—I suppose Whiffet isn't such an unconscionable liar since he quit fishing so constantly. Cawker—He has less regard for the truth now than ever. Cumsio—What does he lie about now? Cawker—The immense distances he covers on his bicycle.—Town Topics.

Pleasant Occasion. Kite—I went to a stereopticon entertainment the other night with young De Spooney. Laura—Did you enjoy the views? Kate—Very much indeed. It was just like going through a tunnel.—Detroit Free Press.

In a Dallas Restaurant. "Here is a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sah; worry sorry, sah; but you can't see it." "I reckon so; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

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Defined. Bennie—What's a conversationalist? Jennie—Oh, it's a man that doesn't have to stop talking when he hasn't got anything more to say.—Truth.

Defined. "I never indulge in irony." "No, I would say your brilliancy was principally glittering steal."—Life.



Mistress—What did you tell those ladies who just called? Bridget—Oh, told them that yez was not in, mum. Mistress—And what did they say? Bridget—"How fortinut," mum.—Leslie's Weekly.

Stated. The pain of Economy's grip Is felt upon Pleasure's fair neck, When our wishes say: "Now let'er rip!" And Experience holds us in check. —Truth.

A Simple Plan. Mr. Youngman (after long thought) —Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you, without proposing? Mr. Benedict (absently)—Yes; make her mad.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where to Find Them. "This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?" "In the penitentiary," replied a man in the gallery.—N. Y. World.

Meticulous. A—Tom must have had an awful cold when he became engaged. B—Why? A—Because when one has a cold one has no taste.—Fliegende Blätter.

Spoke for Himself. Sayboy—I am thinking of going into business; is there any money in clothes? —Hayboy—Not a cent in mine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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HOW ALLAN HOPES TO LIVE. His Machine Will Have a Hole in the Air and of Course Go Up the Hole. In an up stairs room in the Western House at Ballard has been developed within the past eight months what in the opinion of men of sound judgment will prove, if practical, the invention of the age. Mr. William Allan, a real estate broker and a former employee of the West Coast Improvement Company, has nearly completed the model of an aerial ship or flying machine. It consists of two oval or cigar shaped bodies with tapering ends, the smaller suspended within the larger. Around the larger an immense thrush of stiff canvas, or some other strong but light material, winds spirally from end to end. Within the smaller body is situated the propelling power, which by means of a set of pulleys, bands, wheels, etc., revolves the interior oval body, and as it moves so it causes the larger machine on the exterior to move with correspondingly greater velocity. The theory which William Allan has held and reasoned upon for the last 20 years is this: A screw by revolution forces itself through wood, so Mr. Allan concluded if he could invent a machine with threads large enough to revolve in the atmosphere it will travel through space and with great rapidity on the same principle. If Mr. Allan is not a deluded inventor one may travel in this machine in any direction, with almost any speed desired, and with perfect safety, by means of steering apparatus and a speed regulator which are attached and under the control of the aeronaut within the bowels of the invention. If this invention proves practical, and Mr. Allan thinks it will, railroads and ocean grayhounds will be easily distanced. The details of the machine can not be fully described, as only a working model has been constructed, and although Mr. Allan has obtained a patent he does not wish to give away his secret until he has more substantial financial backing. Mr. Allan has also constructed a huge unicycle, or, as some paradoxically call it, a one wheel bicycle. It is seventeen feet in circumference, and has a tire one foot wide. The cyclist stands in the center, and by moving his feet up and down on pedals turns a small wheel which revolves the larger one at the same time. As every revolution of the smaller wheel turns the larger it will readily be seen the cyclist goes a distance of seventeen feet every revolution. The unicycle is now in the yard of James McLachlan, a contractor and builder, who is putting the finishing touches upon it under Mr. Allan's supervision. It is expected a public trial of this invention will be made in a short time. Recently, in conversation with a reporter, Ballard's inventor said: "There may be some skeptical people who deem my inventions impracticable, but the public thought Fulton was crazy when he was building the Clarendon, and when Columbus was trying to convince the monarchs of Europe that another world existed even the children significantly pointed their fingers to their foreheads when he passed by. But there was no screw loose in Columbus's head, neither was there in Fulton's."—Seattle Post Intelligence.

A Special Chance. In connection with his army experience, Colonel Pat Gilmore, the famous musician who marches to battle are really the only ones who are unprotected. We, of course, can handle no weapons and are at the mercy of bullets. To our duty of furnishing the inspiring strains to the marching soldiers we have another one—that of carrying off the wounded from the field on stretchers. In one of the battles we were on our way to the scene of action, when we met a soldier running away from the field. "What is the matter?" I inquired, in chorus with several other of the musicians. The man hurriedly replied: "Oh, nothing at all. I'm only wounded in one of the fingers of my left hand. I'm off to have it dressed and will return again." "But the light of inspiration had come to us. No unprotected march for us when our good angels had thrown such a good chance in our way. We seized the man and said, 'Get on the stretcher.' 'No, no,' he answered; 'only one of my fingers is hurt. I can get on faster myself. Why should I be carried? Do I walk with my hand? Let me go.' "We merely repeated the order, 'Get on the stretcher.' He didn't heed us, and again we said more emphatically, 'Get on the stretcher.' Seeing he was obstinate, we made a bodily seizure of him and put him forcibly on the waiting stretcher. "Then we beat a hasty retreat with our burden. We carried him down a long hill to a place of safety and we took good care to place our wounded soldier in a distant place of security. How were we to help it? The battle was nearly over when we returned to the field? I always tell the generals with whom I fought that I was always in advance of them—in the rear."

Baroness Rothschild's Mission. Baroness Rothschild, like the Baroness Burdett Coutts, has a self imposed "mission" in the miserable East End of London. She has built blocks of model tenement houses in the Whitechapel district, which are rented at the rate of three per cent on the investment. Adjacent to the model houses is an excellent "club and library" building, with billiard room and music room, open to all tenants on payment of a penny, and apparently it is generally preferred to the gin palaces.

He Feared She Could. Little Brother—How much do you weigh, Mr. Dangle. Dangle—About 150 pounds, my man. Why do you ask? "I heard sister tell ma that she was going to throw you over her shoulders if Mr. Fangle proposed, but I don't believe she can do it, do you?"

We are temporarily without a watch repairer, but during his absence your repair work will be sent to the city, thoroughly and accurately done and returned to you without any extra charge. Penny's Drug and Jewelry Store.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Miss MAMIE MOORE has gone to Louisville to remain till April.

Mrs. T. H. SAUNDERS and Little Jennie are visiting Louisville.

GEORGE T. HILM, chief of police of Danville, was here yesterday.

Mr. T. J. BURN, of Winchester, is visiting his son, Mr. James T. Burn.

Mrs. F. F. SANDHORN, of the West End, has been sick for several weeks, but is improving.

Mr. E. D. SCOTT is over from Lexington to attend court and do a little private counting heads.

Miss ANNE SHANKS has returned from Lexington, leaving her brother Thomas almost well again.

Mrs. ANNIE McCLEARY has moved her family into Miss Lillie Beazley's cottage on West Main street.

The Misses STRAUB gave a tea that was greatly enjoyed by several of their friends Monday evening.

Mrs. J. P. CROW and children and Mrs. Will Morrison left on Wednesday's train to visit at Hardtown Junction.

FRANK THOMPSON, son of Mr. J. J. Thompson, of the Preschereville section, is very ill with pneumonia fever.

Mrs. J. H. MONIS, who came up to attend the burial of her brother, J. P. Crow, returned to Nolin yesterday.

Mr. O. SMITH, formerly of this county, but now of Conant, Bell county, is visiting friends in and around Stanford.

Miss NELLIE OMBROFF has been sick for several days, but was well enough to be at the Louisville Store yesterday.

Mrs. JOHN F. MOORE and daughter, Miss Lillie, of Casey, are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. Ed Wilkinson.

Mr. FRANKLIN OWLEY and daughters, Misses Maggie and Ophelia, of Tennessee, have been guests at Mr. H. J. Darst's.

Rev. R. B. MAHONY was called to London Wednesday to preach the funeral of Mrs. McFarridge, an aunt of Postmaster Weaver.

Mr. H. G. COOK, of Jellico, came down Wednesday to see his wife who is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. B. McKinney, near McKinney.

Mr. JOHN JONES received word yesterday from Monticello that his grand mother, Mrs. F. T. Jones, who is 93 years old, was at the point of death.

Mr. E. W. SYDNEY and family have arrived and will occupy a house on Somerset street. He is one of the publishers of the new paper and is from Beech City, O.

Mr. C. M. REPOLPH, special agent for the Paducah Building Trust Co., is here with his wife again, working up interest in his company, which is gilded and offers many inducements.

CAPT. GEO. H. MCKINNEY was attacked with heart failure Wednesday evening and for a time his son, A. A. McKinney, thought he was dead. He revived, however, and was up yesterday.

The newspapers have been peculiarly unfortunate in getting the name of our pretty little friend, Miss Jennie Warren, mixed during her present visit, but this from the Paris News is the worst break of all: Miss Jane Warner, a handsome young lady from Stanford, who has been a guest of Gov. and Mrs. W. O. Bradley for several weeks, will arrive to-day to visit Mr. and Mrs. George B. Bell.

CITY AND VICINITY.

SPECTACLES fitted by Danks.

Mrs. A. B. COOK, of Jellico, came down Wednesday to see his wife who is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. B. McKinney, near McKinney.

Flour gear of all kinds at Warren & Shanks.

White seed oats for sale. J. H. Baughman & Co.

Seed Potatoes and Garden Seeds of every kind in Bulk and Packages at Warren & Shanks.

H. C. RUMLEY is receiving a very handsome line of Spring suitings. Call in and get first pick.

HAMBURG at Shanks'. Widths, quality, design and price to suit any one's pocket-book or taste.

Take your watch and clock repairs to Danks'. Two men constantly at work at the bench. All work warranted.

The latest thing in hats can now be found at Shanks'. Soft and stiff hats in great variety at the correct prices.

Remember we have on hand at all times the very best of Jellico and Laurel coals. Give us a call. J. H. Baughman & Co.

MURPHY's shot didn't frighten the old Confed., Jailer DeBorde, in the least. "I've heard them before," the old man said with a smile.

Good news for teachers is contained in this dispatch from Frankfort: Treasurer Long sent \$200,000 to the school teachers of the State. This is about half the amount due them.

DANKS fits spectacles.

New flower seed. Sweet peas, best selection in bulk, at W. B. McRoberts'.

Closing out stock. Getting ready for spring goods. Buy bargains from Danks'.

COTTAGE with three rooms, opposite Carpenter House, for rent. P. P. Nunnally.

Just received several car loads of good boxing which I offer cheap for cash. A. C. Sine.

ZIGLER shoes are stylish, comfortable, durable. A new line just received at Shanks'.

Coal sold for cash or exchanged for all kinds of grain and feed. J. H. Baughman & Co.

Our goods are new. Prices to suit. Give us a call before buying. McRoberts Drug Store.

A TEXAS newspaper substituted local names and reproduced the doggerel this paper got off on the bachelors here.

For disturbing worship at the colored Baptist church, Joe Haylen, colored, was fined \$5 and costs in Judge Carson's court.

It is Judge J. D. Pettus now, the trustee of Crab Orchard having elected him police judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Ward Moore.

We send out two extra pages with this issue and will continue to make Friday's paper six or eight pages each week, and may make Tuesday's the same size.

The weather is behaving better. Yesterday was a typical Spring day and one almost looked for the flowers and expected to hear the singing of the birds. The prediction reads: Generally fair to night. Friday fair and colder.

W. E. PERKINS, Crab Orchard's mercantile hustler, tells our readers in this issue where they can get the best plows and harness at the lowest prices. He has everything else in the general mercantile line, too, which it will pay you to examine and price.

There is a man in this county drawing a pension, who it is said, on borrowing a gun from a neighbor to kill a dog, asked him in sober earnestness, which to put in first the shot or the powder in loading the weapon. Another pensioner vouchers for this, and we can present him if this statement is doubted.

REWARD.—Vandals broke into the public school building, defaced property, burned books, knocked out window glasses and stole the coal. The trustees are making strenuous efforts to apprehend them and will give a reward of \$10 for any information that will lead to their arrest and conviction.

In the window of Warren & Shanks is a butter display of Mrs. Clifton Fowler, which marks her as an artist as well as one of the best makers of that most desirable article of food when well made. The exhibition is in the shape of ducks, vases, pineapples and numerous other things surprisingly well executed.

No more snow.—Mr. J. T. Harris, who pays close attention to such things, is satisfied that the day on which the first snow falls in November denotes the number of snows during the winter. It snowed Nov. 20; 20 snows have already fallen he says, and we will have no more. However we shall see what we shall see.

A local board of the Globe Building & Loan Co., of Louisville, authorized capital \$20,000,000, was organized here this week by State Agent J. A. Graham. Dr. J. F. Peyton was elected president; Dr. A. S. Price, vice president; A. A. Warren, secretary and treasurer; W. A. Tribble, attorney, and J. D. Wearlen, local agent. The directors are Joseph Severance, T. D. Kane and Dr. A. S. Price. The institution seems to be an unusually strong one.

AND STILL THEY COME.—A gentleman who is engaged in the newspaper business at Bellefleur, Ill., writes us that Stanford has been suggested to him as possessing a good opening for another newspaper and asks us to let him know our opinion of it, and if favorable he would launch another paper on the journalistic sea. We answered: "There is a semi-weekly here now and a weekly is preparing to start, but there is always room for one more, so come ahead, 'the more, the merrier.' We expect him by next train."

THE unusual spectacle of brother arresting brother for stealing a horse from another brother was witnessed in Richmond Tuesday, when Tiff Stevens, of Garrard, arrested George Stevens for stealing a horse from David Stevens, also of the same county. He then handcuffed him and brought him to the Lancaster jail. They are sons of David Stevens, who was killed at Rowland by John Payne. George had not been out of the penitentiary long and is now said to be under indictment in Woodford for horse stealing there. David Stevens was here Tuesday to advertise for his horse, when he told us he was sure his brother had stolen him and gave us a description of him for publication, saying that the State offered a standing reward of \$50 for such thieves and that he would pay liberally for the return of the horse. He did not seem to be humiliated at all by the act, but appeared to be bent on revenge and the punishment of his own flesh and blood.

FRESH supply of Ziegler's shoes, the best on the market, at W. H. Shanks'.

LECTURE.—Mr. Joseph C. McClary will deliver a lecture at Odd Fellows Hall, Monday evening, March 10th, on "Maccabees, its Origin and Advantages." Members of the Order are invited.

The old Commercial Hotel building is to remain with us for many more seasons. The Odd Fellows Building Association find it such a gold mine as it is that they have re-covered it with tin and are otherwise improving it.

Big-hearted Al Burns, of Hintonville, who here Wednesday, took up a collection for the benefit of Mrs. Frank Ellis, wife of the wounded man, and presented her with about \$25. She is in a destitute condition with eight small children.

A lady who witnessed the shooting of Ellis by Murphy from a window near by also by chance saw Sandifer killed in Lancaster a year or two ago, and she wonders why fate should decree that she should see such terrible tragedies enacted.

THE Water Works Company is preparing to build a reservoir that will hold six millions of gallons. It will be located between the works and cemetery hill, which will form one side of it. This with the two they already have will insure a supply of water equal to any emergency. The railroad company has signed a contract for 15 years to take water at meter rates hereafter instead of by the month and will pay six cents a thousand gallons, with a minimum rate of \$25 a month. The company has been using about 60,000 gallons a day.

Circuit Court was not in session more than two hours Tuesday, but it managed to dispose of a number of cases. Charley Slaughter, charged with trying to burn the calaboose at Crab Orchard, while he was an inmate, was acquitted. Eph Payne, was under indictment for a similar offense, but the Commonwealth had his case resubmitted to the grand jury. John Hall, charged with setting up and operating a gambling device at Green Briar Springs, failed to show up and his bond, with B. P. Martin as security, was declared forfeited. In one of the cases against P. W. Green for selling liquor unlawfully, a jury found him not guilty and the other was dismissed. G. A. Alford agreed to pay one cent and costs for a breach of the peace. Hugh Jacobs and H. P. Baugh, charged with shooting at Zack Padgett, will answer next Monday. John A. Jones, for shooting and wounding, wasn't on hand and his bond was declared forfeited.

The grand jury has returned indictments against Jesse Belden for grand larceny, Wm. Logan Dunder for carrying concealed weapons and Wm. Trice for housebreaking. Nothing was done for the Commonwealth Wednesday, save to call the case of Frank Ellis for the murder of Murphy. The prosecution announced its readiness to proceed, but the lawyers for the defense were preparing affidavits for a continuance when Murphy's shot cut short proceedings.

Jesse Belden, who stole a diamond from Mrs. B. W. Givens, plead guilty yesterday and asked for mercy. He might have gotten five, but the jury let him off with one year in the penitentiary.

Messrs. J. W. Yerkes, R. J. Breckinridge, George Stone, M. F. North, L. L. Walker, F. F. Bobbitt and C. C. Fox are among the visiting attorneys.

The name of John S. Murphy, Jr., was unintentionally omitted from the list of petit jurors given in our last issue.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The Methodist meeting at Bowling Green, conducted by Rev. J. P. Lowry, has resulted in 125 confessions.

—Rev. E. B. Cate, pastor of the Mayeville Christian church, has given up the pulpit for the rostrum, and the Bible for Blackstone.

—Preaching at Christian church Sunday morning and night. Morning subject, "An Additional Grace." Evening, "Prize Fighting." All are cordially invited to attend.

—Elder Z. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, Ind., dedicated the new \$25,000 Christian church, in Greenfield, Ind., Sunday. The debt was \$6,000, but the people were so generous in their gifts that \$7,000 was given.

—Rev. William Crow, Jr., has received a call from the First Presbyterian church at Frankfort, and will accept upon the completion of his course at the Theological Seminary, Louisville, in June.—Richmond Climax.

—Rev. Yohannon, a native of Persia, will preach at the Baptist church here next Sunday night. His discourse will doubtless be entertaining and instructive. The public is extended a special invitation to hear him.

—At Richmond, Va., the Grace street Baptist church was destroyed by fire, as was also the Richmond Female Seminary and Dr. J. W. Williams' residence. The church, one of the finest in the city, was completed two years ago at a cost of \$65,000. A dozen other houses caught fire, but with little damage. The total loss is \$100,000.

—Dogs killed four sheep belonging to Uriah Bright the other night, but one of them will kill no more. Mr. Bright caught him dead to rights and sent a ball through his worthless hide.

—J. E. Carson bought in Garrard an aged mule for \$75.

SHOT.

John B. Murphy Shoots Frank Ellis,

While in the Custody of the Jailer.

And Seriously Wounds Him.

Murphy Jailed, Ellis Restoring Easy.

At 1:30 Wednesday as Jailer G. W. DeBorde was taking Frank Ellis to the court room, John B. Murphy rushed upon him and fired a 38 ball into his right side.

He was taken to the vault in the county clerk's office where Dr. Hunn examined the wound and rendered the necessary assistance. Then he was conveyed to the Myers House where Drs. Peyton and Hunn probed for the ball.

The act was so sudden and unexpected that the jailer was taken completely by surprise, but Ellis grabbed the man and Constable Benedict rushing up assisted DeBorde in placing him in jail.

Sheriff Newland says that when he and his deputy, R. M. Newland, arrived on the scene a scuffle was going on, engaged in by the jailer, Constable Benedict and the two Murphys. They soon pulled them apart and marched the shooter to jail and the other to the court. The latter was unarmed and says he was acting solely in the interest of peace.

Will Murphy, a brother of the man who did the shooting, was with him. He was arrested and taken before Judge Sandley, who after questioning him closely and finding that he had done nothing, released him.

Jason Blackerty, who was severely shot by Ellis several years ago, was with Murphy, during the day, but he appears to have taken no part.

Ellis was shot in the right side just below the nipple, the ball ranging downward and to the left, dropping the surgeons think, into the abdominal cavity. The stomach is not injured, as he has not expectorated or vomited blood.

It was on the order of the judge that Ellis was taken to the Myers House, the condition of the wounded man being such that he could not receive proper surgical and other attention in jail. He will remain at the hotel till the further order of the court, in case death does not claim jurisdiction.

Murphy had been drinking for a day or two and was much under the influence of liquor when he shot. While he was being placed in jail he said: "He killed my brother, ran my mother and sister crazy and it has taken all I can make to prosecute him, so I do not give a damn what becomes of me."

Ellis got worse several hours after being shot and it was thought best to take his statement. He was under the impression that he would die and his statement was made in the shape of a dying assertion to Attorneys Paxton and Owley and was taken down by Circuit Clerk Bailey. It was in substance that as he came out of the jail, he saw John and Will Murphy standing at the court-house door. He felt that something was up and was not surprised when John Murphy pushed the pistol into his breast and fired. He caught at the weapon and the hammer fell on his hand thus preventing another shot. Then he grappled with John and Will Murphy caught hold of him, then the officers succeeded in getting the pistol and arresting the men.

It will be remembered that while he was marshal at Junction City, Ellis killed Henry Murphy under circumstances which led the Boyle county grand jury to indict him for murder. The deed was committed last May and Ellis had been in jail at Danville most of the time since. He got a change of venue to this county and the case was under consideration when the shot cut it short.

The grand jury took cognizance of the case yesterday and indicted Murphy for malicious shooting and wounding. He was brought into court and his trial fixed for next Friday, 6th.

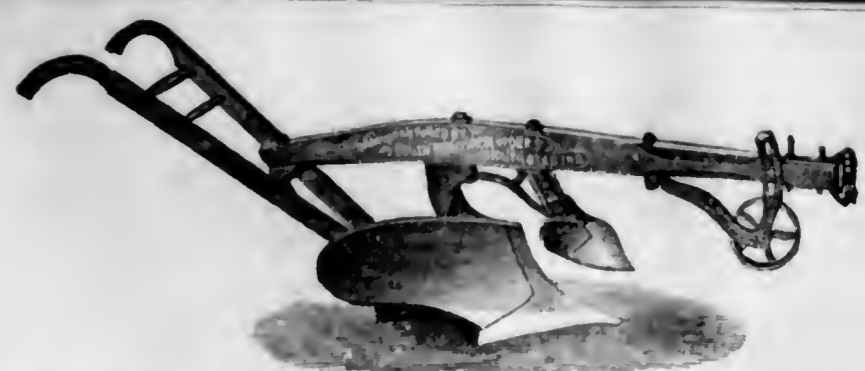
Conductors Ben D. McGraw and Ben Durham, of the Q & C, relatives of Murphy, were up yesterday to see that he was properly defended. They employed Hon. John W. Yerkes and will get additional counsel.

Judge Sandley fixed Murphy's bond at \$5,000, which he can easily give, but his friends wanted to consult Mr. Yerkes before permitting him to be released.

Ellis was resting easy last night. Dr. Peyton says the principal danger is in the ball inflaming the lining of the bowels and causing peritonitis and that it is hard at this time to predict with certainty whether the patient will die or recover.

There are wild rumors afloat that Ellis has killed five men, but investigation shows that he has only killed two, Cage Rowsey, for whose murder he is now under indictment, and young Murphy. He has shot several others, including Jason Blackerty, whom he filled full of lead. His recovery was a miracle.

Cynthiana will vote on prohibition April 23d and it is said that the wets will win. The dries tried to get an election all over the county, but it was refused on the ground that the town had asked first.



We have just received a full line of "the old reliable" Oliver Chilled Plows and Repairs. Also the Bucher & Gibbs Imperial Steel and Chilled Plows and Spike Tooth Harrows. Full line of Hames, Collars, Chains, Single Trees, Double Trees, &c.

W. E. PERKINS, Crab Orchard.

Your Are Lucky

If you get to our house in the next two weeks. We propose to make the welkin ring with Low Prices. We are determined to come to the end. Now is the time for all cash buyers.

This Stock Shall be Closed Regardless of Results.

What do you want? If its Shoes, Clothing, Dress Goods, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Bed Comforts, Lace Curtains, Hosiery, Gloves, or whatever it is

WE HAVE IT.

And it goes, for we are determined to wind up this business. Come and see for yourself.

HUGHES & TATE.

New Clothing!



New Styles,
New Prices.
No Old Goods,
No Old Styles.



No Fancy Prices. This tells the story about our brand new line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. If you are hard to fit we can fit you. Call and see.

SEVERANCE & SON.

TO YOU!

I am still agent for the Old Reliable Tailoring Establishment of M. BORN & CO.

They put better trimmings and stiffening in their coats than any house in the country, consequently the coats hold their shape.

Come and see the Spring Samples.

H. J. McROBERTS.

Next door to Penny's Drug Store, Stanford, Ky.

The Best is the Cheapest.

We have sold

PADANG JAVA ROASTED COFFEE

For years and know it to be Strictly First-Class. Try it

THREE POUNDS FOR A DOLLAR.

A Dollar's worth goes farther than a dollars worth of Arbuckles'.

HIGGINS & MCKINNEY.



THE BLUE-GASS HERD OF Duroc Jersey Red Swine R. H. Bronaugh, Prop., Crab Orchard, Kentucky

Pigs for sale from the best types of Registered Stock. Breeders secured from the best herds in several different States. Correspondence Solicited

